

:- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Miss Katie Sets Things Right.

BY OLIVER BROWN
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"WELL, did you have a nice time?"

Isabel fastened her fur and unbuttoned a glove before she answered. "Fine! I never lived before!"

The smile faded slowly from her aunt's face and she scanned the girl's features anxiously. "Just what do you mean by that, dear? What would Tom say if he heard it?"

Isabel took off her hat and shook a curl out of her eyes rebelliously. "I don't know what he'd say, and I don't care!"

"Now, honey, be careful. Don't say things you'll be sorry for."

"I'll not be sorry, and I mean every word I say. If you could only see how the Pattersons live and what Jean's friends are like! Why, auntie, I never knew there were such people in the world. And such clothes, such jewels, I've never seen. Diamonds and pearls as big as hazel nuts, barrels of 'em."

"But surely the young girls didn't have such things!"

"The engaged ones did."

Her aunt's eyes sought the hand with Tom's modest little diamond, then she gave a cry of dismay. "Where is your engagement ring, Isabel?"

"It's in my bag. Do you think I was going to wear it for those people to see? Jean's sister is engaged to Donald McCrum and her engagement ring is worth a fortune. I wish you could see it."

"Maybe Donald McCrum is rich."

"He is."

"And Tom isn't?"

"That's the entire trouble."

"But you know."

"Yes, I know, but I didn't know I was tired of poverty. I've just found it out."

Her aunt sighed. "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

Isabel was silent a minute, then, "I think, Aunt Katie, that it's best to be honest. I'm going to tell Tom the truth. I never could be happy with a poor man now."

Pretending not to notice the determination in her voice, Miss Katie said lightly, "Don't do anything foolish, dear. Think it over first; you're tired from your trip now, so I guess you go up and take a nice hot bath and change your clothes. I've an errand to do, but I'll be home in an hour, and by that time Susan will have dinner ready. Try to take a nap if you can."

Tom Custer had looked at the office clock so many times that afternoon that Mr. Merrick, the senior partner, said finally, "Girl away, Tom?"

"Yes, sir."

"Coming home today?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so."

Tom nodded. "You see, it's the first time she's been away since we've been engaged."

"Better keep her at home until after the wedding. Engaged girls get queer notions sometimes."

GAY COLORS ON GIRLS' COATS



By BETTY BROWN.

In her fuzzy wuzzy coat in green and red and brown and blue our little sister doesn't care how soon Jack Frost comes along.

Many new colored coats are in these gay colored mixtures and are trimmed with fur-cloth in mole or navy blue or some other dark color. The big patch pockets will keep a small person's hands warm even if she doesn't carry a muff. Anyway they are in good style on school coats.

"Oh I'm not afraid of Isabel!" answered Tom, loyally.

Mr. Merrick put on his hat. "I'm going home now, and you'd better make a holiday, too, and quit an hour early. You'll want to get candy and flowers and do the right thing. I want to talk over things with you in the morning."

Tom waited until the door closed, then drew over the telephone. But just as he gave the number the door opened again. He looked around impatiently.

"Miss Cartwright!" he exclaimed. Aunt Katie nodded a greeting. "Wait a minute, Tom. Don't call Isabel just yet. I want to tell you something first. You'll hate me forever, but it's got to be done, and I guess I can stand it if it's going to do any good."

"All right, Miss Cartwright. I guess I can stand it, too, then. Sit down, please, won't you?"

And then followed a conversation

which left Tom white and wretched, but with a determined set to his jaw. At dinner her niece was quiet. She was wondering just what she would say to Tom and how he would take it. Eight o'clock came. Miss Katie was keenly conscious of everything, although she appeared to be engrossed with her crochet. She saw Isabel glance from her magazine to the clock.

Half-past eight!

"That Miss Smertz, the society editor of the 'Herald,' has bothered me to death about you, so I gave her all the information she wanted this morning. There's a piece in tonight, I guess."

"Is that so?" Isabel was painfully disinterested. But she was saying to herself: "Then Tom does not know I'm home. I wonder why he hasn't called up at least."

Nine o'clock!

"I think I'll go to bed," said Miss Katie. "The preserving this morning made me very tired. Perhaps Tom will drop in if he knows you're home!"

"Perhaps," Isabel turned a page. Then, with studied indifference, "But he really ought to know I'm home. I think I told him the day."

"Oh, is that so? Well, he may have forgotten. Men are like that, you know. Good-night, dear."

Good-night!

Ten o'clock and no Tom. Isabel, puzzled and weary-eyed, took the little velvet bag with the ring out of the table drawer, switched off the light and went upstairs, not to sleep, but to toss wretchedly most of the night.

She was up at daybreak and downstairs waiting when the paper boy came. She turned to the society page. There was a five-line announcement of her return. Tom may not have seen the other, but he would surely know now.

But what was that right under it? Mr. Thomas Custer, of the firm of Merrick & Merrick, left last night on a business trip to Des Moines. He expects to be gone a week.

The postman brought mail and there was a letter from Tom. He tore it open with feverish haste. "Dear Isabel," he wrote. "I was sorry to have to leave just when you were coming home, but I couldn't very well help it. My chance for success rests with the Merricks, and I must please them first. Money comes first in the world, you know; sentiment after all is a secondary thing, and I know you will understand. I know you had a pleasant visit and I hope to hear all about it before long. Affectionately, Tom."

Isabel crushed the letter into a ball and threw it onto the table. "Well, I like that," she cried furiously, and rushed to her room crying.

At the end of two days Aunt Katie remarked seriously: "Say, Isabel, why don't you send Tom his ring while he's away? It wouldn't be likely to hurt him so much, for he's having a good time and his mind will be on other things. His aunt told me at the club that he's staying with some very rich friends of the Merricks and they are up to their ears in society."

"I've decided to keep the ring," said Isabel faintly. And the next morning it was back on its place on her left hand.

Miss Katie's eyes sparkled. "Thank heaven, it worked," she breathed.

And after about a hundred years the week passed and Tom came home to find a very humble, a very loving and very thoughtful Isabel. "I was afraid you'd forget me while you were away."

SAYS WOMEN WILL VOTE IN KENTUCKY WITHIN FIVE YEARS



MRS. JOHN GLOVER SOUTH

Woman suffrage in Kentucky within five years is the prediction of Mrs. South, of Frankfort, Ky. She has just been elected president of the Kentucky Equal Rights association and is leading the campaign for a state suffrage amendment.

Tom, dear." It was almost a question. "See if I did!" Out of his pocket came a flat box, and out of the box a string of pearls. "I've been taken into the firm, dear, and this is to celebrate."

And while Isabel was ecstatically admiring them in the glass Tom found time to whisper to happy Miss Katie, "You're an old dear! It worked like a charm."

HEALTH HINTS

Pneumonia is contagious! Pneumonia kills more people than any other contagious disease except tuberculosis.

Having had the disease does not make one less likely to be taken down with it again, indeed it increases one's chances of being stricken with it.

The disease is caused by a tiny germ called the "pneumococcus." These germs are discharged from the mouths and noses of patients and convalescents in the act of coughing, sneezing, and talking.

Those attending the disease are very likely to contract it, especially if they are naturally puny or are severely exhausted.

Strict care should be taken to disinfect the sputum and nasal discharges from patients. Sputum is best sterilized by using a strong solution of lysol. All cloths used as handkerchiefs should be boiled or burned.

Bed linen, also, should be disinfected. Isolation of the patient should be practiced when possible and persons convalescing by age, heart, or kidney lesions should, because of their increased susceptibility, be kept from coming in contact with the patient.

Those once having had the disease should be especially protected—they are more susceptible.

Ordinarily speaking only patients, convalescents and those in attendance harbor germs in the mouth, but during serious epidemics, germs are likely to be found in the mouth and respiratory passages of the majority of people waiting some depressing influence to reduce the vitality of their host for infection to take place.

Pneumonia comes on an adult with a chill, pain in the side, high fever and cough, with the expectation of rusty-colored or blood-tinged, sticky sputum.

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED. J. N. L.: "Would you mind printing the symptoms of hardening of the arteries?"

High blood pressure, dizziness, vertigo, enlarged heart.

Three small boys found \$5,000 in San Francisco and spent \$3,000 for candy in one day.

The Baby Booth at the First M. E. Bazaar, Dec. 7th and 8th, will be one of our most beautiful features. Hand made dresses, aprons, caps, kimono, carriage robes, pillows and all dainty baby accessories, at most reasonable prices. Dresses and aprons up to 6 yr. size.—Adv.

MANY MEN AND WOMEN OF OUR HOME STATE

Warwood, W. Va.—"I have learned to depend on Dr. Pierce's remedies and found them reliable. I used 'Favorite Prescription' first and found it so good that I began using 'Golden Medical Discovery' with it. The general benefit to me was greatest when these two were used at the same time. My appetite improved, I gained in flesh and felt stronger and more ambitious under this treatment. I finally decided to use 'Pleasant Pellets' also and they were just as good as the other medicines. I am glad to say when I begin to feel run down I always get Dr. Pierce's remedies and they do the work for me."—Mrs. A. J. L., 19th St.

Get good blood through the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the world's proved blood purifier. It's not a secret remedy for its ingredients are printed on the wrapper. Start to take it today and before another day has passed, the impurities of the blood will begin to leave your body through the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, and in a few days you will know by your steadier nerves, firmer step, keener mind, brighter eyes and clearer skin that the bad blood is passing out and new, rich, pure blood is filling your arteries.

The same good blood will cause pimples, acne, eczema and all skin eruptions to dry up and disappear. It's a tonic and body builder.

Harrisburg, Va.—"I have had experience with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and found them satisfactory. I know of no better remedy of the kind."—Mrs. FANNIE THORNTON, East Market St.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, cloth-bound, sent free to you on receipt of three dimes (or stamps), to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Watch in Lorgnette Handle. A tiny watch is set in the handle of a new lorgnette.

Optimistic Thought. It is not difficult for little minds to attain splendid situations.

Paper Umbrella. A patent for a paper umbrella has been granted to its New York inventor.



Osgood's for Quality

The Shop of Useful Gifts



What shall I give her? A very perplexing problem indeed, but, not so, when you have a store like Osgood's in town. You need but spend a very few minutes here where all about is displayed good useful articles for mother, wife, sweetheart or sister. Each is marked plainly and one can actually wait on themselves. Visit this Gift Shop with your list!

Beautiful Waists

A good looking cotton waist packed in a Christmas box for \$1.00.

Better and more gorgeous waists in silk and Georgette, all new styles and colors, packed individually, priced from \$2.50 to \$12.50.



Furs!

The best article of apparel, the most appreciated gift is a set of good furs. Every new style in the most wanted pelts are here. We guarantee every piece you buy and exchange it after Christmas if not satisfactory, Priced from \$5.00 to \$75.00 the Set.



Suits, Dresses and Millinery!

Make handsome and appropriate gifts and right now these most wanted articles can be had at from 10% to 25% less than the regular prices. This is good reason why one should make selections early.

Coats! Sweaters Handkerchiefs

Winter coats hold first place in selling one can always find what they want here because we replenish our stock almost daily with new arrivals always priced low. \$10 to \$75.

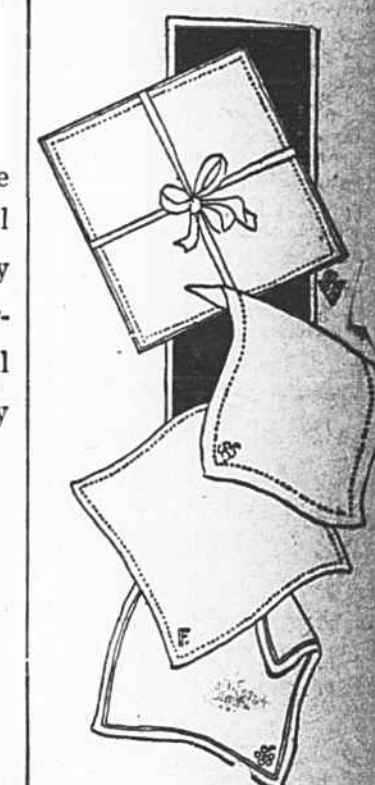
Useful as well as beautiful is our wool and silk sweaters priced \$2.98, \$3.50, \$5.00, \$7.50 to \$10.00.

Hosiery

always an acceptable gift. New hose in effective checks, and stripes in all shades as well as black and white at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.

Purses

and pouch bags. Many styles to select from, made of leather, silk and velvet. \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.00.



:- CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-

"And so you are a real actress," was Jeff's remark as he seated me at a corner table at Sherry's," Paula continued.

"This was the first time I had been at New York's smartest society restaurant. Earnest did not affect these places. He seldom frequented Fifth avenue, having the old-time actor's feeling that 'little old Broadway was good enough for me.'"

"Oh, Margie, if you only knew how I came to hate the 'Great White Way' with its vulgarity and its frank appeal to the senses! It always made me think of a girl's stomach with its numberless restaurants where men and women were eating at all times of day and night."

"The poor little flappers with everything they have in the world on their backs make a brave showing as they try—not always successfully—to curb their hunger, and make a pretense, at least, of eating daintily when all the time their whole bodies are crying out ravenously for food."

"Just the day before, Earnest and I had been much amused when two pretty but rather emaciated girls surely not out of their teens, looked at each other and said in concert when their escort asked them what they wanted for luncheon, 'ham and eggs!'"

"The man about town looked rather surprised, but he was game as well as vulgar and evidently rich, for he added three bottles of wine to the order."

"Each girl had her homely portion of ham and eggs and German fried potatoes which she was eating with all the appetite of youth and incipient starvation, and beside each girl was a pall of ice in which reposed a bottle of champagne."

"I'd much rather have coffee," I heard one girl say to the other when the chatty who was with them left for a moment to quarrel with the head waiter over some trivial matter."

"Hush, don't let him hear that," remarked the other. "We have stretched our welcome already by ordering ham and eggs."

"I don't care," was the courageous remark of the first one. "I've got to eat something besides salad, French pastry and wine. Why, we may not have another meal for 24 hours. I haven't a cent and neither have you. We might as well fill up while the filling is good."

"Hush, here he comes," remarked her companion. If some manager could only have seen these poor starving children act for their food—it was pitiful. I saw one of them surreptitiously pour her wine in the ice ball and then look ready to death for fear the man had seen her."

"I told this story to Jeff and it was really a pleasure as well as something of a surprise to see his pitying expression."

"Paula," he said, "the more I live the more I think most women get rotten deals. Just think of your own fate."

"Don't let's talk of my fate, Jeff," I said. "It is bad enough to have to accept it without parading it about for the world at large to see."

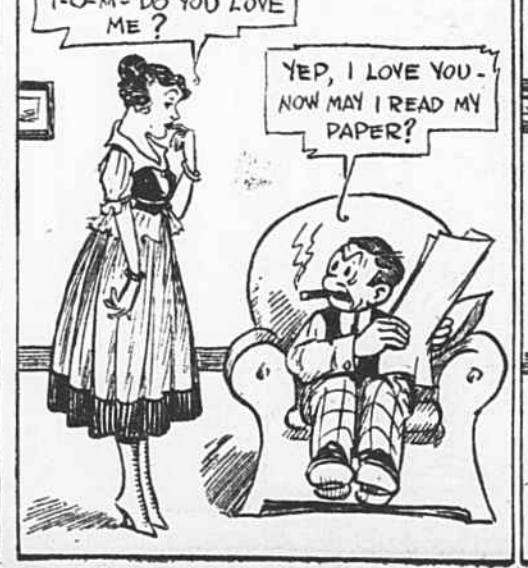
"I wish Paula, you would let me take a hand in this fate business," said Jeff earnestly. "Notwithstanding that you played your part so well tonight, it gave me a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach to hear you tell another man you loved him. Of course I know it was all acting, but oh, Paula, I don't want you even to pretend to love any other man."

"I suppose I must ever be to you red-headed Jeff Perrygreen, the grocery boy, and I know you see every day men who are superior to me in every way, but Paula, dear Paula, no man will ever love you more than I do. Dear, I have loved you ever since you were four and I was ten and I shall love you when you are 74 and I am 80 if we live that long."

"Don't Jeff," I said, "it hurts me."

"Is there any one else?" he asked for it can never be."

"I silently nodded my head."



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(HELEN DIDN'T GET VERY FAR THIS TIME.)—BY ALLMAN.